

Two's Company

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by [Ahwuum](#)

Summary

“As if I don’t mean it every time? Sorry I don’t just apologise for breathing like some people, but in my opinion that makes it more sincere.”

Sapnap flinches.

Again, there’s that venom that splashes the bystanders as well, cutting straight to bone and Sapnap’s bleeding, wounded and vulnerable from words George knows applies to both of them. And yet here he is, here they both are, acting like he doesn’t exist while he sits not three feet away from them.

“I’m fucking sorry?”

“Oh I’m sure you are Dream, you know-”

“Fuck you, George, I don’t have to deal with this!”

Dream and George won't stop fighting, and Sapnap gets stuck in the middle.

Notes

Hello all!! Sorry this took me so long to post, but I actually spent way longer than I thought

I would writing it. And as per usual, I went over the word limit for this commission lol (it was meant to be 9k)

But anyways, I hope you enjoy and if you want, you can head over to my twitter [@Ahwuum](#) if you wanna have a chat or ask questions!!

(Disclaimer, I have never been to Disney World LMAO)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You always do this.”

Sapnap glares at his phone, willing the blurry words on the screen to start forming actual sentences he can decipher and comprehend, trying to drown out the sound of voices with white noise. He thinks about going over to his desk and grabbing the headphones he’d left there while editing earlier, but any sort of movement right now will only draw attention to him.

And draw him into the argument currently raging between his two boyfriends.

“Oh I *always* do this, huh? What, be a total fuck up who can never do anything right in your eyes? That’s what you think of me?”

He hates how much venom George can spin into his words, the way it ripples out onto everyone around him beyond just the person it’s targeted towards. The way he always ends up in the cross hairs, regardless of whether or not he’s actually done anything wrong.

“*No*, George, you always refuse to admit you’re in the wrong. You can’t just say sorry!”

Dream isn’t any better. He’s hot-headed and impulsive, convinced he’s right in the moment and willing to do anything to prove it.

Sapnap just wishes it’d be over already. They can both have their dramatic moment and storm off, leave him alone in some peace and quiet for once so he can actually try to focus on things that are important.

Dream will come back and crawl into bed with him after ten minutes, Sapnap knows, settling the churning in his stomach that always comes after the fall out and keeps him from being able to *truly* focus. He can cry into Sapnap’s shoulder, clinging to him like he’s the only thing still holding him together while he spills his soul to his tear stained t-shirt.

“I *just said* sorry!” George yells right back, throwing his arms up dramatically as Sapnap shrinks further and further away from them, rolling onto his side and curling his knees into his chest so he doesn’t have to look at them anymore, “it’s like you don’t even listen.”

George will be waiting outside the door, knees drawn up to his chest with his head leant back against the wood. He’ll suffer in silence, the way he always does, regret and guilt and self-hatred building until it reaches boiling point and he explodes.

Nothing is ever simple, with them.

But he supposes he’s not much better either.

“That wasn’t a *real* apology George, come on. That was an ‘I know I ruined your favourite shirt so I’m going to say sorry so you can’t be mad at me’ apology and you know it. Just admit you fucked up!”

He wants it to be fucking *over* already. He wants to skip to the bit where they kiss and make up and tell Sapnap they’re sorry, they didn’t mean to make him feel stuck in the middle. Again. He just wants to focus on these stupid fucking work emails so he can stop worrying *stupid* brand deals and get back to doing things he actually *fucking enjoys*.

“I don’t know what you want me to say! I said sorry! What else can I do?”

It’s the third time this week they’ve had a blow out this big. All three of them are usually pretty passionate, so screaming matches tend to happen quite frequently, but never *serious* ones, not like this. There’s no laughter. No barely contained smiles and gentle shoving turned into roughhousing.

It’s just anger. It’s just *hatred*.

It’s splitting him apart.

“Say it like you mean it for fucking once?” Dream’s voice booms through the room, and Sapnap shrinks further in on himself, his phone long since discarded, shoved underneath his chest as he curls more and more into the sheets, willing them to swallow him whole.

“As if I don’t mean it *every* time? Sorry I don’t just apologise for *breathing* like *some* people, but in my opinion that makes it *more* sincere.”

Sapnap flinches.

Again, there’s that venom that splashes the bystanders as well, cutting straight to bone and Sapnap’s *bleeding*, wounded and vulnerable from words George *knows* applies to both of them. And yet here he is, here they *both* are, acting like he doesn’t exist while he sits not three feet away from them.

“I’m fucking *sorry*?”

“Oh I’m sure you are Dream, you know-”

“Fuck you, George, I don’t have to deal with this!”

Sapnap barely registers the slam of a door. Voices become muffled, still yelling, then another slam. The front door. One of them has left.

“You’re such a fucking child sometimes!” George yells, confirming his suspicions that it was Dream. It’s always Dream. “It was just a shirt, grow the fuck up honestly.”

He listens as George mutters bitterly to himself the entire walk back down the hallway, tenses when he passes the door and only relaxes when he hears the sound of his footsteps retreat into the study next to him. He doesn’t think he could handle George right now, still raw and volatile from the fight.

He’s an unknown element.

Dream would probably be the safer bet to go speak to if he were here. He’d be calmed down in only a few minutes, and Sapnap could try and convince him to go apologise. But he’s not here.

He's off god knows where, seething and probably feeling miserable.

And Sapnap is alone. Both of them have hidden themselves away to cool down and he's alone, still reeling from a fight he wasn't even a part of.

He squints at his phone, willing the blurry words to form sentences he can comprehend, and ignores the sound of George's ranting coming from the next room.

~

Two weeks.

That's how long this has been going on; this endless fucking nightmare Sapnap's been subjected to. Dream and George have been at each other's throats near constantly, neither willing to compromise, neither willing to let go, forgive and forget.

Neither taking a moment to ask Sapnap if *he's* okay, because of course he is, why wouldn't he be? He's not even part of their fights, half the time he only comes into them at the very end.

Except that's almost worse, being forgotten so much that he's not even aware of half the trouble going on in his own relationship.

The thing is, almost all of the fights are meaningless, trivial mistakes that would normally barely be worth batting an eye at, except, for some reason now they're *not*. Now every little error either of them makes can start a war; a screaming match that lasts for an hour and ends with Sapnap locking himself in the bathroom when the two of them go off to separate rooms.

Dream hasn't been sleeping with them for a week. He's taken to using the spare bedroom almost exclusively, and George refuses point blank to even attempt cuddling with Sapnap each night. Because he's not in the mood, or tired, or *something*. Any excuse to not have to touch him.

He's miserable, plain and simple.

Even when they're not fighting he can still *feel* it. The tension all of them are carrying with them now. They barely stay in the same room as each other for more than five minutes, and Sapnap has to float between them each day, feeling out which one will tolerate having him around.

Because as much as he hates the toxic feelings radiating off of each of them every time he gets near, what he hates more is the feeling of being *alone*.

So he tries, *tries* to make them see reason, to make them see how much this is hurting all of them.

But if his boyfriends are one thing for sure, it's stubborn.

"Please, George," Sapnap begs him one day, cornering him in the bathroom where he has nowhere to go and blocking his exit with his body, refusing to move from in front of the door until George agrees to make things up with Dream, "I can't take it anymore, you guys have to stop fighting, it's stupid!"

George sighs, rolls his eyes and loosens the grip on Sapnap's arm he'd been trying to use to push him out of the way. "*I'm* not the one being stupid here, if you want us to stop fighting you'll have

to talk to Dream, he's the one who keeps starting it!" He says, suddenly squeezing his bicep again once Sapnap lets down his guard.

He's pushed out of the way, left to watch George stomp down the hallway, still dripping wet without his towel.

"You're *both* being stupid!" Sapnap calls after him, but he knows he's not listening.

And then two minutes later, the screaming starts again. Something about George getting water all over the floor. He tries not to let it get to him, but he knows it's starting to weigh on all of them, even if *they* won't admit it.

And that's what makes him worry.

Dream isn't much better when he tries to talk to him, either. He takes *some* of the blame in taking things a bit too far sometimes, and apologises for making Sapnap feel like he has to mediate between them, but when it comes down to it, still puts most of it down to George being an idiot.

There's nothing we can do. That's what he'd said.

He wishes he had've screamed at him, grabbed his hand and pulled him into George's room and sat them down to talk about this like *fucking adults*.

But he's a coward. He hates confrontation. So.

The most he can do is try and help them cool down while their wounds are still tender and fresh, hopefully help them heal right.

That's how he ends up in the spare room one day, cross legged on the carpet while Dream lays horizontal on the bed, feet dangling off the edge so much they're planted flat, stretched out in front of him far enough that Sapnap could probably touch them with his toes, if he wanted.

"If you guys would just *talk*, y'know. Without judging each other and jumping to conclusions every time one of you says something, you could fix all of this." Sapnap tells him, watching as he fiddles with the string on his shorts and pointedly avoids meeting his gaze.

Dream doesn't respond.

His eyes are still red from a fight that's probably too fresh in his mind, still too raw and painful and Sapnap *really* shouldn't be poking the bear when he's this unstable, but he can't help it. He picks at him like a scab, unable to stop the compulsive need to run his hands over smooth, unblemished skin and willing to dig into his flesh to pull the problem out at its root.

"You could at least talk to *me*," he sighs, when Dream still refuses to even acknowledge his existence, "come on, man, is it really that bad? Is it worth it? To ruin your relationship like this? You know you need to talk. We do it just fine, so why's it different with George—why can't you just forgive each other and get over it already?"

That gets him to react. He flinches, then scoffs, pushes himself up onto his elbows and *finally* meets his eye, staring him down with a fury so rarely directed Sapnap's way. He almost looks away from the heat of it, seconds away from being overwhelmed in the blaze, consumed in flames, but he doesn't.

He holds the stare and raises an eyebrow.

“You don’t get it,” Dream huffs, and slumps back down onto the mattress, fingers going straight back to toying with his drawstring, “it’s different with George. He’s just so- so-” He groans, unable to put his thoughts into words in his frustration, but Sapnap knows.

George isn’t the easiest to forgive. At least, when you don’t know how to handle him at his worst.

Surprisingly, him and Sapnap have the least *real* fights of all of them, getting all of their tension out with meaningless, trivial arguments over things like who’s the better cook, which one of them can get the most kills in cs:go, stupid things. Their communication is a lot better than either of theirs with Dream. Not because Dream isn’t as good at communicating, but because they *get* each other.

And once you *get* George, it’s hard to want to fight with him.

So he knows, he gets where Dream is coming from, but that doesn’t make it any easier to swallow or any less infuriating.

“You could at least *try*, Dream,” Sapnap says imploringly, pushing from the wall to crawl over to the edge of the bed, “I’m sick of all the fighting, I just need to know you’re at least *attempting* to patch things up with George.”

He puts his fingers on Dream’s wrist, holds onto it like a lifeline and drags himself up onto the mattress to face him properly, force Dream to look him in the eyes.

He stares. And stares. And *stares*.

And Dream cracks.

“Fine,” he sighs with a roll of his eyes, “but I can’t promise it’ll work. George never listens to me.”

Sapnap smiles, pats his cheek placatingly and leans down to give him a peck on the lips. “George never listens to anyone. But you guys aren’t even really fighting about anything, all you have to do is say sorry and leave it at that. Simple.” He says, and Dream gives him a look like that’s the most unbelievable sentence he’s ever spoken.

Sapnap can’t say he doesn’t believe him. Nothing’s ever simple with George.

That fact is proven with a derisive laugh and a metaphorical spit in the face at Dream’s attempt at an apology, an outstretched hand slapped away by George’s need to always be right. Because he’s a stubborn idiot who just couldn’t help rubbing salt in the wound.

“Well I’m glad you’ve come to your senses.” He’d said, and that’d been it. Dream had looked at him like it’s *Sapnap* that’s acting like an asshole, not George. Like he’s the one getting all pretentious and condescending about an argument they’re *both* at fault for. An argument that doesn’t have a reason beyond mild inconvenience and pride.

Sapnap had left the room halfway through in tears, the look on Dream’s face etched in his mind, replaying on loop just for him to live that excruciating moment over and over again.

It’s your fault, the look had said, *you made me do this and now look. I was right, I never should have even bothered, I never should have trusted an idiot like you.*

Obviously Dream had just been annoyed about being proven right, but still. Sapnap hides himself underneath the covers for the rest of the afternoon and tries not to think about the nauseating, sinking feeling at the bottom of his stomach, the hollow in his chest at the idea of Dream being mad at him for something he didn’t even do.

He's not even a part of this fight. He hasn't done anything to either of them, yet here he is, stuck right in the middle of their little war, lost in the aftermath, buried in the dust and carnage, alone.

Forgotten.

In his own fucking relationship.

George comes to bed hours later, sometime close to midnight. Sapnap barely remembers the time passing, seconds blurred into minutes, blurred into eyestrain and headaches, into a stomach still rolling with guilt, burning like toxic acid. He checks the time on his phone for the first time in an age and pauses his endless scroll of tik-tok videos to poke his head out of his blanket cocoon.

George looks at him, shirt halfway up his chest already as he changes into his pyjamas for the night. Sapnap blinks back, tries to will away the damp he can feel building at the corners of his eyes.

"Hey, Sap," he says, tugging his shirt the rest of the way off, then bending down to root around for pants in one of his drawers, "I didn't realise you were in here."

"Where did you think I was all day?" Sapnap asks a little bitterly, rolling onto his back and pulling the covers up to his chin when they slide down in the movement. George looks over his shoulder at him, hand clasping an old pair of sweatpants.

He frowns, tilts his head a little, then turns to face him properly. "I dunno, I..." he says, nudging the drawer shut with his foot before taking a few steps forward, towards the bed, "I wasn't really thinking about it to be honest, Dream was being stupid earlier and we ended up having this dumb fight-"

"I know," he snaps, turning on his side to avoid seeing George's face as it pauses in slight shock, "I *know* you had a fight with Dream, I was *right fucking there*, idiot."

He pulls the covers over his head again, curling up into a ball and shrugging George's hand off when he tries to place a hand on Sapnap's shoulder. "Sap-" he tries again, and gets shrugged off even more violently, "hey, c'mon, what's up with you? Why are you so upset? It's not like *you* were the one getting yelled at for no reason."

Sapnap groans, rips the covers down from his face and turns slightly to glare at him. "No, I was just the one caught in the middle of the stupidest fucking argument over *nothing* because my idiot boyfriends decided to not only put me in the middle of all their fights, but also completely forget that I'm there at all and act like I don't even exist. Like it doesn't *hurt* watching them tear each other apart."

Again George stares, slack-jawed, and Sapnap turns onto his stomach, buries his face into the pillows and drags the blanket in around himself as tight as it can go.

He squeezes his eyes shut, drowns out the sound of George pushing from the bed, tries to focus on the rustle of fabric rather than his own spiraling thoughts, the tightness in his throat and the burn in his eyes. All too quickly, he's forced to pay attention, forced to acknowledge George's existence when he crawls back onto the mattress, lays on top of him through the blanket and wraps his arms as far around his chest as they'll go.

"Talk to me," he whispers, after a long moment of silence where he just holds, clings, "just talk to me, yeah? Because I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you upset. I didn't even *know*- I just- I'll listen, okay? I promise."

Sapnap believes him.

But it feels stupid now; the way George talks to him—so softly, gentle like he's scared one wrong word will send him into a fit of tears—it makes him question whether he's blowing things out of proportion, if *he's* the one being stupid. Maybe if he just had've sat them both down, actually explained how much it's been hurting him, it could have stopped.

"I'm just sick of you guys fighting," Sapnap says quietly, voice muffled by the pillows and the blanket so much it's a miracle that George even hears him, "I feel like I don't exist in my own relationship, like it's only you guys that matter. But I'm still stuck in the middle, trying to make things work, trying to fix it all and just getting dragged in."

It's silent. The weight on his chest eases—just a little—and Sapnap lets it all come tumbling out.

"I can't stand fighting. You know I hate when you yell. It's scary," he continues, and his voice is thick now, the words clinging to the back of his throat, "I just- I can't-"

"Hey," George hushes, rubbing his hand soothingly down Sapnap's side, then along his back and small, slow circles, "c'mon, breathe. You're okay, I'm sorry. I wasn't even thinking- but I should have. I've just been so focused on Dream, I- I didn't think about you. I'm sorry, that's- it's really selfish of me."

It feels like he can breathe.

He hadn't even noticed it until George lifted it off him, but he'd been suffocating, crushed under the weight of it; the feeling of responsibility he has of keeping them together, making sure little fights don't spiral into big ones and send this fragile thing they've created tumbling to the ground.

"I just-" he breathes, wriggling in George's arms until he's free of the blanket and facing him again so he can properly *look* at him, "it just feels like... If I don't make sure you guys are okay- we- it'll all just- break."

And now George's eyes are red too, eyelashes glistening ever so slightly as he blinks once, twice. Probably making sure he's finished speaking.

"It won't," he eventually says, grabbing Sapnap's hand to pull it up to his lips, "that's not- it shouldn't be something you're even *thinking* about, that's not your responsibility, Sapnap. It should *never* be your responsibility. My fights with Dream—they're with Dream, okay? Something for us to work out on our own. And if we can't-"

"You'll break up!" Sapnap cuts him off before he can finish, ripping his hand from George's grip to bring it up to his face, cupping his cheeks with both hands, "you'll break up and *we'll* break up and everything will be ruined. I can't just- *let* that happen, George!"

Any other day he could probably convince himself that it's an irrational train of thought, an unwarranted fear with no ground in reality, because normally, they're good. They're *perfect*; they offset each other's flaws and make each other better, more stable.

But these days, with how much Dream and George are fighting—with the way they *look* at him when he tries to help them fix the problem—it feels like a more and more likely scenario if he doesn't intervene.

"Sapnap. *Sapnap*-" George huffs, grabbing his wrists, pulling Sapnap's death grip off his face and wrapping their hands together, holding onto them tightly, "we're not going to break up. I promise you. I mean, even if Dream and I did, that wouldn't mean you and I- or you and *him*- but. My point

being, we're not going to break up. If we really can't sort out our fight, *then* we'll come to you, okay? But we're nowhere near that point yet, and quite honestly I'd probably rather die than put you through that."

They look at each other for a long moment, Sapnap realising how ragged his breathing has become, cheeks wet with tears he hadn't even realised had been shed. He breathes, tries to force himself into a quiet rhythm as his brain screams at him to panic and hide.

"I wouldn't mind," he says, quiet and small, "it *would* be pretty shitty though."

"It would be very shitty." George smiles, and Sapnap finds himself laughing, something quiet and breathless and private.

George brings their hands up to his face, shifts his thumb aside so he can press his lips through the gap and onto Sapnap's hand. "Thank you," he says on impulse, his breath catching when George's eyes lift to meet his, "thank you, George. I- you don't know how much it was- I mean, *I* didn't even know until we started talking."

"You-" he sighs, pressing his cheek into Sapnap's hand, "you don't have to *thank* me. If anything, I should be thanking *you* for forgiving me. I know I've been a real asshole. Just- I don't know. I've been in a bitchy mood, I guess."

Sapnap laughs and rolls his eyes. "You were born in a bitchy mood."

George shrugs, then rolls off him, sticks his hands under Sapnap's side to pull the blanket still tucked underneath. "You love it though," he says, shuffling them both around until they're both under the blanket, Sapnap curled around his side with his head on his chest, legs tangled together, "you need someone to be a bitch to Dream when he's being a dick. You're too soft."

He pokes his cheek, and Sapnap pulls a face, turning his head to try and bite his finger.

"I can't believe you just called me fat, George. You know how sensitive I am about my weight." He sighs exaggeratedly, falling into giggles when he gets shoved in turn.

"You're not funny."

"I am though, and you can't argue with me because I might cry."

"Fuck you."

~

The morning is oddly quiet.

Being the last to wake up, Sapnap is usually greeted with loud conversation and laughter—and more recently, yelling—but today he wakes up to silence. George's spot beside him has long since gone cold, and Sapnap is pretty sure he's alone in the house.

For the first time in—what, three months? Four?

It's been so long he can hardly remember.

The thing that's so strange about it above everything, is that Sapnap's not really worried. After his conversation with George last night, he feels a little more stable about where they all are in their relationship. He's reassured, and pretty much certain that his boyfriends have just left the house to go talk things out without dragging Sapnap into their mess again.

Still, it's a little eerie, walking through their empty house, their spotless kitchen save for a forgotten mug, still half-full of George's tea.

He spends probably twenty minutes sitting at the dining table with cold scrambled eggs, thinking back to the previous night as he stirs his fork through them mindlessly. George is probably telling Dream everything he said, but he still needs to sit down and have a conversation with him at some point. Explain himself properly.

He needs to make sure Dream knows he's not upset, because he tends to have the habit of overthinking things to the point of working himself into a panic over them.

The opportunity presents itself fairly quickly, with keys jangling in the front door not ten seconds into Sapnap scraping the cold remains of his forgotten breakfast into the bin. He pokes his head out into the hall, and is greeted with both of their familiar faces.

He can see red around the edges of both of their eyes, slight damp on Dream's freckled cheeks. So his instinct was right, then.

"Things good now?" He asks, almost timidly. George lags behind to kick off his shoes, but Dream barrels forward, launching himself into Sapnap's arms and wrapping him up in them.

"I'm sorry," he whispers into his hair, and Sapnap swears he feels the hands clutching at the back of his collar start to tremble, "I didn't know you were so upset about- ...We've been really stupid."

Sapnap pushes his fingers into the back of Dream's hair, petting through it as he waits for him to finish. When he does, he sighs dramatically, trying not to laugh as George meets his gaze and rolls his eyes. "I suppose..." he trails off dramatically, ignoring the quiet snickering coming from across the room, "I *suppose* I can forgive you, but only if you're really, really nice to me for like. At least a month."

George scoffs, and even Dream laughs, bringing his hands round to his shoulders to give him a light shove, and it tells him everything he needs to know. They'll be okay.

"Well if you want us to be *nice* to you," George says, coming up to Dream and placing a light hand on his back as he tries to casually wipe his eyes with the back of his hand, "I actually had an idea while me and Dream were... Out."

"Oh yeah?" Sapnap asks, tilting his head as Dream brings his hand back down from his face, eyes even more red than earlier, "What's that?"

George grins. "You ever been to Disney World?"

It's actually not that long a drive to get there, as it turns out. The theme park is actually only an hour away from their house, so it's not even like they have to get up at the crack of dawn the next day to get there. Sapnap's pretty excited; they'll get to have some fun, go on rides and just... Chill. At least for a day.

Yesterday only had a small amount of bickering after the two of his boyfriends had made up, and it had been small things that got dropped the second either one of them so much as glanced at Sapnap across the room. They're both still treading on eggshells around him, but he knows it'll be different

today.

Today they'll get to do *fun* things. Fun things with nothing to argue over, because it's a theme park. What would there even be to argue over in the first place? Nothing.

Or so Sapnap had thought before they left.

What he didn't account for was that they would still have an hour of travel in between, and with Dream at the wheel and George in passenger, he should have known things were bound to go downhill.

George gets carsick, so of course he had to sit up front, but Sapnap should have argued more when Dream told him he'd drive. He knows the roads, see, so he'll be able to get them there the quickest. His family goes every year, it'll be *fine*.

Except the moment he'd said that, George had scoffed and set the tone for the entire trip.

Now here they are, forty minutes into their trip and stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic from the morning rush.

"I *told* you to just listen to the GPS, but *no* you just had to-"

"George, would you please shut the fuck up? I get it, okay, I took us down the wrong way. I just thought-"

"You didn't think though, is the problem. You never do. Or listen. You ignored me when I said we should leave earlier to avoid people going to work and you ignored me when I said some stupid back road would only get us lost at best and now here we are. Stuck in traffic anyway."

Sapnap sinks into his seat in the back, staring out of the window at anything his eyes can latch onto, willing *something* interesting to happen outside so he can turn his focus away from the impending shouting match about to go down inches in front of him.

"Look, I said I'm sorry, didn't I? I fucked up, you don't need to keep rubbing it in. Just put the GPS back on and I'll follow it, okay?" Dream sighs, surprisingly civil for someone who sounded like he was about to explode just seconds ago. Sapnap glances at the rear-view mirror, and is unsurprised to watch as Dream's eyes quickly snap away from his.

George simply scoffs and grabs his phone from his pocket, fiddling around with the maps app until the lady with the monotone voice starts giving them directions again. He fixes it to the dashboard and after about twenty minutes of stop-start traffic, they finally turn onto a quieter road.

Their trip isn't for much longer than that, guided through back streets and back onto the motorway by the GPS, mostly smooth sailing the entire way with George only making a few comments here and there that make even Sapnap's eyes roll.

But they get there. Later into the morning than expected but still early enough into the day that it's not ruined. They still have hours upon hours to enjoy the park, and Sapnap spends a few good minutes perusing one of the little booklets they have at the ticket booth that unfolds into a map, looking at all of the things they can do once inside.

Getting in is the issue.

"What do you *mean* you forgot your wallet?" George demands as they come up to the booth, stopping with his wallet already opened, card already halfway out of its little slot, "it's Disney

World Dream, it's- like- the most expensive theme park ever. How could you forget your wallet?"

Dream is unimpressed. "You literally just said you were gonna pay for Sapnap's ticket anyway, what's the big deal?" He asks, crossing his arms over his chest as he peers around the booth, trying to get a better view of inside the park.

"The big deal is, *Dream*," George says, pulling his card out the rest of the way with a huff and handing it to the lady behind the booth, "that was meant to be something nice for Sapnap. To make up for- y'know. Being miserable pricks the past few weeks? And you have more than enough money to pay for yourself, you just didn't want to."

Sapnap decides to cut in and diffuse the tension when Dream scoffs, turning back to George with a fire in his eyes like he's ready to start throwing punches.

"O-kay," he sings, getting between the both of them and planting a steadying hand on Dream's chest to create some distance, "look, we're *all* rich, George. Just- just pay for today and I'll take you out somewhere nice next time, alright? Sound good?"

George huffs, taking the wristbands off the woman behind the counter and handing them out to each of them before stuffing his wallet back into his pocket. "That's not the point, Sap, the point is--"

"I know," he cuts in, keenly aware of the tightness in Dream's shoulders as he walks ahead of them towards the entrance, "I *know* the point, George. Just. Shut up for once and try and enjoy the day, will you? You guys promised."

And he jogs a little to catch up with Dream, bumping their shoulders together lightly and leaving George to trail behind them in his sour mood.

Dream doesn't seem much better.

He's at least trying for Sapnap, forcing himself to smile whenever he looks his way and at participating in conversation. George only starts talking when they get to the gift shop. They have to walk through it to get to the park, so Sapnap ends up getting sucked down one of the aisle towards the rows of snow globes, eyes drawn by flashing lights and swirling fake snow.

"Hey Sap, look," George calls to him just as he's putting back a small, fifty dollar globe that looks like it was made in someone's basement, walking over wearing a ridiculous pair of sequined mouse ears, "we can be that cringe family who takes pictures of the road and demands to jump to the front of the line because we have a crying baby."

His eyes dart to the other side of the room, where Dream is perusing novelty shirts. It isn't subtle at all.

"Be nice," Sapnap sighs, then turns to face him fully, lips quirking just slightly as George fiddles with the headband, "it *would* be good for some funny selfies though."

George grins and Sapnap reaches out to fix the headband for him, setting it back further on his head where it will be more comfortable and brushing some of his bangs out of his eyes when he pulls away.

"You look hot." He jokes, and George snickers, thumps him on the chest and nearly breaks a rib trying to hold back laughter when Sapnap stumbles and catches himself an inch away from knocking over an entire shelf.

Dick.

Dream joins them again when they get back to the register, a matching pair of mouse ears tucked away underneath George's arm as he scrolls through his phone, waiting to be called forward. Sapnap peers over Dream's shoulder when he holds out the tank top he'd picked out to show him, snickering into his arm at the slogan on the front.

It's so bad.

So good. So happy. With the stupid Disney castle separating the two phrases against a bright, striped background. He's not even sure what it's supposed to be saying, which just makes it all the funnier. It's very Dream.

"So," he says, folding up the tank top back over his arm once Sapnap is done looking, "what did you guys get?"

"Oh, George got us those matching mickey mouse ears," he replies, pointing them out as George places them onto the counter to be scanned, "we're gonna go take some selfies in front of the castle doing stupid poses."

Dream looks at the counter. Then back at him.

"You only got two." He says bluntly, and Sapnap wants to dig himself a hole to curl up and die in. They only got two. One for him, one for George. He's maybe 10% sure George just forgot to grab Dream's one and didn't intentionally mean to cut him out. The other 90% is pretty certain he's being petty about having to pay for everything.

And that 90% is quickly turned into 100% when he glances over and spots him covering a smile.

"I'll get you one right now. We just forgot." Sapnap says placatingly, putting his hands on Dream's shoulders to push him back a little bit, give him some space.

"No," but George has to rub it in, "I'm already paying for them, and Dream already picked what he wanted. He shouldn't have stalked off the second we got in here or he could have gotten a pair too."

Without another word, George hands the deathly quiet man behind the counter his card, grabs the headbands and shirt and stalks off, leaving Sapnap to get the receipt and apologise to the cashier for his rude boyfriend. Dream is already gone, long since having stormed after him and leaving Sapnap to trail behind the pair, walking fast to catch up.

"Why do you have to be *such* a bitch about money? I mean, seriously George, what is *wrong* with you? We're trying to have a nice day out and relax and you're whining like a baby when you're almost as rich as I am." Dream exclaims, rushing through his words angrily like if he doesn't get them out all at once, nobody will listen to him.

He doesn't blame him, not when George is normally quick to cut him off.

But George waits till he's finished talking this time, probably because he sees the look on Sapnap's face when he goes to open his mouth.

He takes a breath. "That's not the point," he says quietly, voice tight with annoyance as he turns on his heel and starts walking with purpose towards something Sapnap doesn't know, "but anyway, let's just find some rides or something to go on, then eat, yeah? I'm starving."

Sapnap almost suggests that they go eat now, but with the way Dream's eyes light up when he sees something on the big map displayed at the front of the park, he gets the idea that he won't want to. And he'd rather avoid more conflict.

"Well how about we go to the water section? Look, right there," Dream says, pointing to the blue section of the map, "the rapids are super fun, plus it'll be nice and refreshing after being stuck in the car all morning."

Again, Sapnap goes to agree, but he spots the look on *George's* face and decides to shut his mouth,

"I don't want to get *wet*," he huffs, crossing his arms and scanning the other side of the map, away from the water, "with how humid it is here I'll just be walking around in a damp shirt all day with a mess of my hair. I want a roller coaster or something."

He can see the logic in that. He doesn't particularly enjoy the idea of walking around wet all day either, but he's sure *all* day is stretching it at least a bit. "Well," Sapnap says as he tries to think back to the roller coasters he remembers Dream mentioning the year before last when he went with his family, "there's always space mountain, right? That one's pretty popular."

Dream groans, shoving his hands into his pockets and snapping his head away from the map. "Yeah, that means the lines will be long. Like. Miles long. If George is as hungry as he says, he'll probably pass out before we're even halfway there. The water rides always have way less people because no one wants to get wet. And they go faster, too."

He watches George's eye twitch, meets his gaze when he glances over at him and watches him sigh, obviously trying to calm himself down.

He appreciates the effort, but it's starting to get just a little annoying that he needs to at all.

"Why don't we just *look*," Sapnap steps in before George decides he wants to make things worse, grabbing Dream by the shoulder to turn him to face him, "and then go to the water section if it's too full? I mean, c'mon Dream, look around! There's practically nobody here compared to the last time you went, right? Maybe the wait will be shorter."

And he *does* look around, slumping just slightly when he realises Sapnap is right. There's still plenty of people, but way less than what there would probably usually be, given that it's a Tuesday morning in the middle of the school year and most of the country is still scared to even go outside.

"And," George sighs, sounding like he might strain a muscle from how hard he's trying to be civil right now, "if we do get on the roller coaster, we can go on the rapids after, deal?"

Dream takes a moment to think. Sapnap very nearly snaps and decides to drag George without him given how annoying and stubborn both of them are being.

But he eventually nods his head, and Sapnap shrugs off the murderous intent, releasing his nails from his palms he hadn't even realised he'd been digging into. "Fine, as long as we go after. Because I swear, it'll take us ten minute tops, plus there's this burger shop literally right across from it that's really good. It's worth it, promise."

He's pretty sure he hears Dream mutter under his breath 'and we probably won't get into space mountain anyway', but ignores it, because the last thing he wants is to start a fight with Dream himself.

But more and more each minute, he wants to.

Especially with the way George looks when they get there and the line is full of maybe twenty people at most. His smug grin is insufferable even for Sapnap, and the way he talks all throughout the wait makes him want to throw up.

Sapnap wonders what it would be like to have a *normal* relationship. One where his boyfriends didn't spend half their time fighting like rabid dogs, then fucking like love-sick bunnies the other. One where he's loved and cherished all the time and never looked over during a disagreement, one where he's an active participant and not just some dude standing at the sidelines while Dream and George continue to work themselves up to another screaming match.

Which is currently happening again. For *who knows* what reason. Sapnap hadn't even been paying attention and suddenly they're both angry again, ready to spit acid and rip each other's throats out.

"I'm just saying you don't have to fucking rub it in. I didn't even care that much till you started acting like a stupid fucking know-it-all. You don't have to be right *all* the time, George."

"I know I don't have to be. I just am. Can't help it if you're not."

Sapnap is going to smack him.

He's going to smack *both* of them.

He's going to smack both of them, rip his own hair out and run off somewhere into the wilderness where he doesn't have to deal with the world's most difficult boyfriends in existence.

"Alright, that's fucking it, I don't even want to go on a stupid fucking roller coaster, this thing is so overrated and I really *don't* want to sit next to a pretentious dick and have to look at his ugly face for the next ten minutes anyway. I'll see you outside, Sap."

And with that, Dream gives him a kiss on the forehead, turns on his heels and stomps back through the winding path of red rope, weaving his way through until he's back out through the entrance.

Sapnap sighs.

"Was all of that really necessary?" He asks, and George scoffs.

"I know right? He can be such a *baby* sometimes." He answers, then turns back to face the line again.

Sapnap doesn't even bother anymore.

The ride is fun, sure, but it's not the same without Dream and he barely finds it in him to play along when George seems to be having such a good time. It just doesn't feel fair; this is supposed to be *his* day, not Dream's or George's. His. To make up for them being shitty.

But all they've done is fight.

And when they get off, it just gets even worse.

"Okay, that was fun but we seriously have got to eat now because I might pass out. I saw a place that was doing sushi right at the window so you could watch them as they make it, we should-"

Sapnap already knows what's coming before it even happens.

To be fair, George *had* promised the rapids would be the very next thing they would do.

“No,” Dream says, laughing almost hysterically, “no, no, no, no. You said rapids. We’re doing rapids. We’re going now, okay? You can get lunch after, I’ve been sitting in the sun on my own for *ages* waiting for you guys to get back, without any money because you wouldn’t even give me five fucking dollars to buy a water bottle, so now you can wait for lunch, because you promised.”

He has a point. He’s going the wrong way about making it, but he has one. Sapnap tries to shrink back into the shadows, pretend he doesn’t exist, but George just looks straight to him, turning both of their attention to him.

“You’re hungry too, aren’t you Sap?” George asks, grabbing onto his arm and pulling him closer as if to make his point, “you’re gonna make him go on a ride he doesn’t even want to, starving, when it’s meant to be *his* day?”

“I never said I didn’t want to-”

Dream grabs his arm, pulls him back towards him and nearly makes him stumble right onto his face. “See? You just heard him, he wants to go on the ride. He’s not a little baby like you that can’t go ten fucking minutes without food. We’ll get some *right after*. He’ll be fine, right Sap?”

“Well I am pretty hungry, but I-”

“See, *you’re* wrong. You’re not listening to what *he* wants. He’s hungry, I’m hungry. We’re getting food. And if you’re not hungry, don’t expect me to get you something to eat later. You can either join us, or fuck off and starve, considering *I’m* the one paying for everything.”

Sapnap winces, pulls himself from George’s grip to create some distance, a bitter taste in his own mouth from the infuriatingly spiteful words. If he would just listen for once in his fucking life-

“Come on Sap, he doesn’t mean that. Let’s just go, George can stay and eat whatever he wants—hopefully when we get back he won’t be in such a *mood*.”

Sapnap rips his arm from Dream’s grip too, feeling fingerprints burn into his skin even as his hand comes off, but follows him anyway. “Whatever.” He huffs, marching off in front of Dream in the direction of the water park and ignoring the way *both* of them seem to get annoyed by his choice.

The line is long.

The line is long and the wait is hot and Dream is a stubborn fucking idiot because he refuses to just leave and go make nice with George so they can *maybe* beg him to give them some money for food. Sapnap is starving. And thirsty.

Basically he’s fucking miserable on the *one* day that was meant to be for him.

Dream won’t stop complaining about him.

All through the line it’s ‘George is such a dick,’ and ‘he shouldn’t care so much about money,’ and ‘he *promised*, you know?’ and the one that just keeps coming back again and again, ‘he’s *always* like this.’

Rinse and repeat for the ride. Sapnap doesn’t enjoy a single second of it, and when they finally do come out and Dream stops to take a look at their pictures, Sapnap keeps walking. He already knows they’re shit. He’ll be frowning and crossing his arms and Dream will be waving his hand about in front of his face and they’ll both look *miserable*.

So he doesn’t want a fucking picture. He just wants to find George and get lunch.

But, like dominoes, more and more things just come tumbling down and his day isn't looking to get any better any time soon.

"What the fuck do you mean you won't buy him lunch?"

Sapnap is sitting at a table Dream had dragged him too once he'd caught up with him, pictures in hand. He's pushing around a menu in front of him, his other hand covering his eyes from the sun beating down overhead. George is standing about a foot away from him, right in front of Dream. He's only just got here after Dream's text telling him where they were.

And already, here they are. About to shout in the middle of fucking Disney World.

"I told you both I was gonna eat and if you left you wouldn't get any," George says, rolling on the balls of his feet with his arms crossed tight across his chest, defensive, "and you left. So you're not eating. I'm putting my foot down and for once in your life, no matter how much you beg I'm *not* giving in."

"Once in my life-" Dream breathes, barking a laugh like it's the most ridiculous thing he's ever heard, "you seem to have this image of me in your head. This privileged little boy who gets everything I want and throws a tantrum when I don't. Well guess what George, out of the three of us? That's you!"

Sapnap sinks further in on himself, pressing his hand into his forehead even harder like if he can just cover enough of himself up, he'll disappear. "At least you remembered there's three of us." He mutters under his breath, unsurprised when neither of them take notice.

"Me? That's rich," George laughs right back, reaching over to poke Dream in the chest with fingers like sharp claws that try and dig into his skin, tearing at the surface for any imperfection to latch onto and rip apart, "*you* are the most spoiled, arrogant man I've ever met. Constantly expecting everyone to do everything for you! Constantly expecting *me* to take care of you, like you're some fucking child and I'm the parent. Sorry for not wanting to do that for once."

Folding his arms in front of him on the table, Sapnap lays his face down and blinks away the sunspots still lingering in his eyes. He burrows in as far as he can go, trying to cover both ears so their voices become muffled and fuzzy. Incomprehensible.

But each syllable rings clear as a bell no matter how hard he tries to hide.

"A fucking child-"

"Yes, exactly Dream! Finally, you're getting it," George says in the most patronising tone he can muster, while Dream's face probably goes red with anger, "you're a fucking child and I'm sick of coddling you. I'm sick of you expecting me to pay for everything just because we're together when you make twice as much as both of us combined!"

Sapnap doesn't need to see to know George waved at him to make his point. The feeling sinks deep into his bones like thick, toxic molasses, making it hard to move, hard to breathe. Hard to think.

He just wants them to stop.

"Y'know George, you keep saying shit like that," he can hear Dream grinning, something mean and grotesque, "I'm starting to think the reason you keep bringing up money is because you're jealous you're not as successful as me. You're just a pretty face and *I'm* the personality. They choose me over you because I actually have talent and you-"

“Fuck you, Dream.”

Sapnap’s blood runs cold.

He doesn’t dare look, but he hears George turn on his heel and leave, feels the weight of Dream’s silence.

“Shit,” he barely hears him whisper, and chances a glance through his hair to see Dream pinching the bridge of his nose and rubbing his eyes, “fuck, George- wait!”

And then he’s gone, running after him, calling out his name and meaningless apologies. It doesn’t matter now. George sounded-

They were *both* doing it though. Both twisting the knife further and further—and what was Sapnap to do? What *could* he have done to stop them? What could he have said that would have made everything alright? How could he have stopped them from falling apart?

It’s not your responsibility.

Well it sure fucking feels like it.

The weight of their relationship hangs in the balance on his shoulders, and he presses further into the table, gasping for air while his lungs scream at him to stop, heart pounding. He’d say it feels like drowning, but it’s not quite so slow and tiring. It burns.

It burns and he feels smoke coming from his mouth, clogging up his throat.

They’re gonna break up. They’re all gonna break up and he didn’t even try to stop it.

He just wanted *one fucking day*.

One fucking day.

~

He decides to give them space. Space and time. Dream went after George, after all. They’re *talking* at least, otherwise one of them would have texted Sapnap asking him to come home with them. Right?

He spends a few hours wandering through the park on his own, wondering how long he should give them before interrupting to ask if he can come find them. He doesn’t want to ruin their conversation if they’re finally working through everything, but it’s also—lonely. It’s lonely.

The more he sees families and couples walking past him, the more isolated he feels. He probably looks like a weirdo, walking through a kids park alone, but he doesn’t know what else to do but move.

If he doesn’t, he’s worried he might get stuck still. He’s worried the embers inside him might reignite his insides and set him aflame where he stands.

Or maybe he’ll sink into the earth, buried with the pressure of *them*.

He can't fix this. He can't and he shouldn't have to, they shouldn't make him feel like this, it's not *fair*.

But it's not like Sapnap can stop himself. He can't do anything but wait. Walk, and wait.

Midday comes and goes, and he probably passes all of the different cast members *twice* by the time his feet start to hurt so much they go numb. It's sometime in the early afternoon, he thinks, though he hasn't checked the clock any time recently he's checked his phone for new messages.

His concept of time is out of whack, so the time passed could have been an hour, or it could have been three. He's not sure which.

With the way the sun's looking, he's leaning somewhere closer to three.

Eventually, he does have to sit himself down, legs aching and feet already blistering. A man in a Donald Duck costume comes dancing by with a crowd of kids chasing after him, and Sapnap almost smiles.

Almost.

can we meetup now? u guys done making up or do I have to wait another hour?

cus I can. I'm just getting a little hungry.

and tired

I dont know about u guys but I kinda just wanna get pizza and go home

and pass the fuck out

Sapnap frowns at his phone, at the blinking bar in the text box, at the greyed out icon next to Dream's discord username that tells him he's offline. Or choosing to ignore him. He clearly hasn't gotten any of his messages. So he tries George.

are u guys together right now??

Dream isnt answering

aaand neither are you

this is great

thanks guys

really feeling the love today

you know. My day

the one day you were supposed to be chill and have fun

but no

*you guys just HAD to pick fights with each other all morning
and get so fucking bitchy and stupid and stubborn that you're probably thinking about breaking up*

He takes a shaky breath, blinks back tears as he scans the area surrounding him for people who could be watching. He doesn't see anyone.

is that what you're doing George???

you're thinking about how you're gonna break it to me right?

I bet u already decided

u can't stand each other anymore

and even less

me

He *feels* the pressure of eyes, though, and that's enough to get his paranoid brain working on overdrive. He can't stay here and have a fucking mental breakdown in a fucking children's theme park.

You know what? I'm going home

I'm just gonna get an uber and Dream can pay for it, seeing how I don't have any money.

You know. Because you told me not to. That it was your treat.

I have his account

I'm logging in right now

Don't fucking call me.

He closes the discord app, and opens another. The Uber app. His driver is fifteen minutes away, but that's the perfect amount of time to get the fuck out of this stupid place and go into the parking lot to be picked up.

The minute he gets there, his screen lights up with an incoming call.

Dream.

"Sapnap, oh my god-"

"You are not." Sapnap says through his teeth, barely holding back tears of rage, his hand trembling so much he's surprised he hasn't dropped his phone from his ear yet.

There's no background noise from Dream's end. Only blissful silence of an empty room.

"You are *not-fucking-home right now*."

A moment of silence from Dream. And then he hears George's voice somewhere in the distance. "Fuck, did you see the messages from Sapnap? He's in an uber, we fucking *left him there*."

"Wait, I'm sorry, wait—" Dream rushes to say, and Sapnap digs his fingernails into his own arm, pressing hard enough he bleeds.

"No. Don't say anything. I'll be home in an hour, don't wait up." He says, cutting him off.

"Let me come pick you up, " Dream says as he pulls his phone away from his ear, "I'll come pick you up, c'mon, please, don't go home with some stranger, I'm sorry. I'll- I'll get there in like half an hour, please Sapnap."

"Don't fucking bother," Sapnap says, then laughs, something soft and bitter, "you just told me not to come home with a stranger," and he pauses, lets it sink in, "goodbye Dream."

He hangs up.

As soon as his Uber driver gets there, he turns his phone off with about fifteen missed calls between the two of them, a voicemail from George and a dozen texts from Dream. He doesn't want to hear it. He doesn't even want to *think* about it. So he goes the whole hour in near-silence, the music on the radio so quiet it blends into static, and Sapnap unfocuses his eyes, drowns it all out with flashes of blurred street lights and lit billboards that litter the roads between the amusement park and home.

It's like he doesn't exist to them, it's like he isn't a part of his own fucking relationship. They *forgot* him. He's so unimportant that they could drive the whole hour trip home, alone, and not think twice about the person they left behind.

He doesn't care if they made up. In fact, he hopes it's worse. He hopes they *hate* each other.

He wishes that were true.

It hurts. The razor sharp words of today circle round and round in his head, tearing him apart inside as he wonders what it would have been like had they never gone at all. Or if he had've tried harder, stood between them rather than shrinking back into the shadows.

Maybe they wouldn't have forgotten them if he hadn't made it so easy.

The thought disappears almost as quick as it comes though. It's not his fault they left him at fucking Disney World. He didn't force them to spend all day at each other's throats, this wasn't even his idea, and yet here he is, the one suffering. Again.

Sapnap thanks his Uber driver as he drops him off a few houses down the road, deciding to leave a very generous tip with Dream's money for the long ride—because fuck it, *someone* should get something out of this miserable fucking day.

Then he walks the short trip up the sidewalk until he makes it to their house, about to open the gate and walk inside as quietly as possible, before he spots them. Sitting on the front steps outside the door, Dream and George wait. For him, presumably.

He stops for a moment, looking at them. They haven't noticed he's there yet, probably because

they didn't hear his Uber pull up, so he has the perfect opportunity to watch them unnoticed for a minute.

It's George that's surprising.

Dream's eyes are red and puffy from crying, but they're hollow from exhaustion, and he sits, staring into nothing, with George shaking on his shoulder. He's still crying.

It's not the first time he's seen George cry, but that doesn't make it any less startling to see as he openly weeps into Dream's shoulder, clutching onto his own arms as he snuffles and gasps in air like he's drowning. It's almost enough to make him come running back to them and apologise.

Almost.

Instead he walks right up the pathway, as quick as he can, head turned straight down to stare at his own feet as he walks. He makes it about three feet away from them before Dream notices he's even there.

"Sap-"

He pushes through the middle of them as they part, trying to stand to greet him. He rips open the screen door, yanking his wrist from (he thinks) George's grip when he reaches out for him, and marches right through the entryway and into the kitchen.

"Can we talk-" it's George's voice this time, and Sapnap shrugs off his touch when he reaches for him again, "can we please just talk about this-"

He rips off the ears still attached to his head, stomps right up to the bin, stomps on the pedal, and shoves them inside, letting the lid slam behind him as he walks away. They never did get those stupid selfies.

Doesn't matter now. Nothing matters now.

They don't care about him. They forgot him. They're only upset because they know he's the glue that keeps them together.

It's an ugly thought. All of his thoughts are, at least for now. It's hard to focus on the positives in a situation where the negatives are so overwhelming.

The bedroom door slams behind him. The lock clicks shut. He hears pounding on the wood, Dream's voice through the crack, weak and raw. It doesn't matter. It just doesn't.

They fucking *forgot* him. They don't deserve the chance to apologise right now.

He only bothers kicking off his shoes before climbing into bed, ignoring the drag of denim across his skin, the button digging into his stomach, everything. He just wants to crawl inside and never come out.

The light outside is fading by now. The afternoon is slowly turning into night, and as Sapnap climbs underneath the covers, pulling them up and over his head, he decides he doesn't really care where his boyfriends end up for the night. They can sleep in the guestroom, one on the couch if they're still fighting.

They could sleep outside for all he fucking cares.

In the cold. In the rain.

He doesn't care. He *doesn't*.

"Sapnap," he drowns out George's voice with any thought he can muster, trying to fill his mind with white noise to overpower him, "Sapnap, please just open the door. Please. Just- let's talk about it, okay? Like we always do."

This isn't always, he wants to say, you don't always leave me in the middle of an amusement park an hour away because you were so caught up in each other you forgot me. I shouldn't have to listen to you.

But he can't help it. No matter how hard he shoves the covers around his ears, it's like George is standing right next to him, words coming through clear as day despite the thick layer of wood separating them.

"We're sorry," he continues, like Sapnap isn't very obviously ignoring him, "*I'm* sorry. I shouldn't have- I mean, neither of us should have just *left* you there, but I never thought- out of all of us *I'm* supposed to be the one who-"

He breaks off, and he hears the shaky breaths he takes, listens as they become muffled, a soft voice replacing them in volume instead. Dream—holding him, probably.

There's a pause, a hush. Sapnap finds himself pricking his ears to listen for the slightest movement outside his door, and then it comes.

"There's no excuse," George continues, his voice a little more composed than earlier, "we shouldn't have left. It's that simple. But- me and Dream, we- we made up. That's why we forgot... That's why we forgot you. Because we sat down and we really *talked*, this time, you know? And we still have more to do, I think, there's- well, it's a lot more than what we thought. It's not- like- it's not going to break us up, but we need to just... Talk more. And that means with you, too."

Sapnap takes a moment—he breathes and he listens, fingers squeezed tight around his grip on the covers—and he waits. He thinks, and waits.

"We-" it's Dream's voice now, still in that same soft, raw tone, "we should have been talking to you from the beginning. We should have been talking to *each other* from the beginning and not forcing you to be the one to come between and make us see reason when we're being too stubborn to listen. We just- we just should have done *better*, and we're sorry."

"Please just," George sighs and there's a soft thump against the door, "just let us in, let us apologise properly. We'll listen. And if you really don't want to, or- or you need some time-"

It's getting ridiculous listening to them talk at him through a stupid piece of wood, so Sapnap makes a decision, right then and there. He rips the covers off, marches straight over to the door, turns the lock and yanks it open. Because as upset as he is with them, the idea of spending the night without them just makes him even more miserable.

The idea of sending them to the spare bedroom, unable to sleep with guilt while Sapnap lays in just the other room, equally as troubled but unwilling to listen—it sounds like torture. For all of them. And he doesn't want that; all he's wanted *all day* is for them to be happy, to be normal again and *stop fighting*.

So he's not going to let this go on any longer.

He opens the door, and George's head falls forward from the sudden lack of support, a red circle forming on his forehead where he'd pressed it against the wood. They both straighten, look at him and wait.

He takes a step back, then another, until his knees hit the mattress and he lets himself fall onto it. They wait in the doorway for a moment, like they're not sure whether crossing the threshold will break this little spell and Sapnap will explode.

But eventually, George does step into the room, moving slowly and quietly toward the bed as Dream trails behind, following his lead in remaining silent.

They let him speak first.

"You left me there." He says, feeling the tears come for the first time of the night. They spring from his eyes unbidden and uncontrollable, coming out all at once like the floodgates have been opened and all the emotion inside him can finally come spilling out.

"I know." Dream says, grabbing his hand as George brushes loose hair from his eyes and wipes the damp from his cheeks.

"It must have been really shitty." He mutters, placing his hand on Sapnap's cheek and trying to smile reassuringly when he leans into it.

It's wobbly, emotional and fragile, like one word from Sapnap and every last brick would crumble from the wall he's slowly built up around his heart ever since Sapnap came home safe. Maybe because it's true: all it would take is Sapnap saying he hated them and George would break.

Dream seems a little more stable for now, but that's just because he's always been a bit more rational about owning up to his mistakes. George just gets so wrapped up in the grief of his guilt that he can barely see past his own nose. He can't see that Sapnap could *never* hate them, all he can see is his mistake.

"It was," Sapnap admits, taking a breath to try and calm the ache in his chest, blinking back more fresh waves of tears as they come, "it was really *really* shitty, and it felt like you guys didn't love me- let me finish- it felt like- like I wasn't important enough to be worth remembering. Like I was just some tag-along who got a little caught in the crossfire. And that wasn't fair. It wasn't fair of either of you to do that to me."

He takes another breath, in, out, focusing on that rather than the cracks in his voice as Dream and George both watch him intently, both their mouths firmly shut as they patiently wait for him to continue.

"I just want... I want you guys to fix this. Whatever the fuck's going on with you, I want it sorted, because it's more than just little things and it *hurts* having to watch you guys rip each other apart every day. You're meant to be boyfriends, you're meant to be in *love*. I'm not always going to be there to step in when the fight gets a little too real, and I shouldn't have to be. You should be able to deal with these things on your own."

Again, he pauses, his words getting stronger with confidence, despite how the tears run down his cheeks even faster than before.

"And I know it's not gonna be easy, it's not going to be some quick fix, but I need you to at least *try*. I need to know you're not just putting aside your differences for me and you're actually talking to each other. Because clearly, it doesn't work to just ignore your problems for my sake."

It takes a while for the words to sink in, he thinks. They both sit quietly, processing after he finishes speaking, deathly still like it's taking everything in their brain to pick apart his words. He's glad they're at least taking him seriously.

Eventually, Dream turns Sapnap's hand in his, runs his thumb gently along his palm before he takes a deep breath and says, "You're right. And we talked about that—about everything—once we realised what shitheads we were being. I think that's a good way of putting it, though; we tried to move on before addressing it and that clearly doesn't work, so—"

"So we'll just find something that does," George finishes, pushing his fingers in the soft edges of Sapnap's hair, cradling him with gentle, trembling hands, "we'll find what works best for us so the little things don't spiral. We'll make it work, Sap. We won't just give up—not on us and not on *you*. We won't leave you behind anymore."

He leans into it—George's touch and their words, lets himself sink into the embrace of hopeful promises and arms that wrap around him, cocooning him in safety and want.

It's still raw—*everything* is still raw—but it's like fresh skin over a wound: still tender, but a start. The signs of healing in progress.

"You better not, because I think leaving me behind at Disney World twice would be just a little bit embarrassing on your part. I'm really just trying to look out for your image as boyfriends here, y'know," Sapnap eventually says, laughing softly along with him when Dream snickers and bumping their shoulders together, "that shit would go on your personal record or something. You'd never live it down, *or* be able to get another boyfriend to replace me."

George rolls his eyes and he grins wider, leaning into the hand in his hair as he makes direct eye contact.

"On second thought, maybe you should do that. That way I'll have dirt on you forever. You legally won't be allowed to leave me *and* I get to win all future arguments."

He can't help bursting into full laughter when they both groan and tackle him to the bed, George pressing into his neck while Dream squishes his cheek against his rib cage.

"You're a fucking idiot," Dream says, "don't make jokes like that or I'll never take either of you to Disney World again."

"Oh *you'll* never take us to Disney World again huh? I'm pretty sure George was the one who took me today, isn't that right? I mean, it was his money after all."

George groans, buries his nose deeper into Sapnap's neck and pokes him on his chest, right next to Dream's face. "Don't even *mention* money tonight, I swear to god," he says, "I've had enough of that conversation for a lifetime, thanks."

Dream nods against his chest, and Sapnap huffs a laugh, brings a hand up to curl into the hairs at the nape of George's neck, his other doing the same to the man on his chest.

"No talking about money, got it," he hums, petting his fingers lightly through wavy, blonde hair and gripping tight to soft, brown locks, "but seriously, you guys... You're okay. I'm okay. *We're* gonna be okay. We just... Need to work at it a little. This shit's hard."

They both make noises of agreement, and for a long moment everything just goes... Still. Everything pauses and it's just *them*, breathing through their wounds and desperate to heal. It still hurts. It still *burns* and he feels seconds away from being engulfed in an unstoppable inferno of

resentment, but it feels like a hose of cold water is finally starting to spray on the hottest parts of the flames.

Maybe soon, they'll get to put them out.

End Notes

Thank you for reading <3

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